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# The Martian



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## Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

Silver blood slowly pours out of my mouth, as I lay on the ground beaten.

Seven boys stand over me, as they continue to beat me.

"You filthy martians thinking you own the world."

I felt another kick to my ribs, and I groaned in pain.

I hated that word 'Martian'.

The humans gave us that name because we were different.

I got up and punched the tallest boy that was closest to me.

That was my first mistake.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I could feel the breath of the mothership on my neck before I could so much as turn around.

Slowly, I loosened my grip on the boy. He fell to the ground, prior bravado vanished underneath his steady stream of tears.

The door opened, and I already knew what fate would befall me.

"Get in!"

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I walked backwards, too p  
rise into the air. I wanted  
their miserable planet at a moment's notice.

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those boys to watch me  
hate that I could leave

They would be the ones stuck here when disaster struck.

The doors closed in front of me. The boy's faces were long forgotten to me. Hopefully, they were angry, if not awestruck.

Now, for the less fun portion of my day.

"Artzemaze."

I turn to the sound of my name, now facing the ship's interior. The "woman" - as they categorize different types of humans on this planet, when they aren't calling them "black" or "white", or some strange combination of the two - is staring at me, obviously displeased. I think. I'm not very good at reading these humans' facial expressions.

"Your job. Please recount it to me."

I sigh. This song and dance again (a human idiom - it's kind of pretty, don't you think?). "To make peace with the earthlings before their imminent demise."

Her eyebrow twitches. "No. You are to offer a solution to the avoidance of this..." - she coughs, looking for the proper words - "'imminent demise', as you so *eloquently* put it."

One of my three lips curls into a smile. "Thank you for the reminder, Julia."

She shakes her head. "What a cruel brat you are. What would your mother say?"

"My *pilayinthous*," I correct her, "would probably have no comment on the matter. I am only one of her seven hundred children. I doubt she even remembers me."

"Stop making excuses. You know she trusted you with one of Mars' most important jobs. Avoiding it will only bring tension between this planet and your own."

"What will be left of it" I mutter, but Julia catches it nonetheless. Her raised eyebrow turns into a scowl.

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"Those children deserve to  
into the doorway for what  
to intimidate me."

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ling out of the room and  
take a lot more than that

Anyway, back to work.

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